

Read Mayor's Dutiful Wife

••Attention•• 🚫

I want to make one thing clear. If you are looking for a lovey-dovey romance then this isn't for you. It's a **Dark Romance**. The male lead will f*ck with your mind. I repeat do not expect vanilla romance. If you can't handle it then I suggest do not read this book and please don't leave hate comments because they will be **deleted!** Thank you!

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents either are the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, events, or locales is entirely coincidental.

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🚫Trigger Warning!🚫

The following book contains imagery that some readers may find distressing.

Physical violence, Sexual violence, Abuse (including emotional abuse), Slurs, suicide, and self-harm.

Read at your own risk.

•Chapter 1• Hannah Clarke

"She died for you, Hannah. She knew I'll only do what was best for you. The

least you can do for her is listen to me" he said, getting close to my ear as gut-wrenching sobs tore through my chest.

"You are the reason she committed suicide" he further added

"Please, dad. Please, stop!" I cried out. I couldn't take it anymore, my head hurt, my entire body started to hurt.

"Hannie bear, you don't have an option. I'll destroy everything you have ever wanted. I'll destroy your life if you don't do this" he said calmly.

Everything was just a joke to him. I was a joke to him. My life, my happiness didn't matter to him. Tears freely fell from my eyes as I shook my head unable to accept what he was doing to me.

"Now, freshen up. He will be here in an hour. So, you better look presentable for him" he said

"No, I won't" I shouted.

Anger and defiance were my last resort. He wouldn't listen to my pleading.

"Shut up!" he roared, making me flinch.

"He's the mayor of our town, you will treat him with respect. You will do

whatever he wants you to do. He has already signed the papers and that

makes him your husband. Learn to obey and respect your husband" he

shouted and I didn't know what to say or do. I sat there lifelessly listening to him.

I knew my father was a misogynistic male chauvinistic jerk but I never

thought he hated me this much.

"I've already given instructions to my secretary, She will turn you into a pretty

little wife for Mr. Mayor" he grabbed my arm and pulled me up from my seat.

He dragged me out of his office. His fingernails dug into my skin. I looked at

my father with blurry vision as he dragged me out. I couldn't believe he was

the same man as yesterday.

"Dad..." I whispered, my voice breaking as tears slid down.

He glanced at my face and sighed. He gestured for his secretary to come

closer. "Make her presentable and come back to my office. You have forty-five

minutes" he ordered coldly, the secretary nodded and led me away from

there.

••TWO DAYS EARLIER••

We got to the venue and double-checked every little detail making sure that nothing goes wrong.

I went backstage and all the models were lined up prepping for the show.

Luke usually deals with this department. He knows how to handle models.

Scarlet was dressed in our one-of-a-kind dress. She looked breathtaking as always.

"I thought you'd still be at home sleeping," I said to her and she sassily rolled her eyes.

"Please, girl, I take my job very seriously," she said making both of us burst

into a fit of laughter.

Everyone knows how serious she is about her job.

She once threw a

milkshake over Luke's head right before the show

was about to start. She

would have been fired if she wasn't our best friend.

I peeked from the side of the stage and saw

Suzanne Mendes sitting in the

front row watching everything with calculative eyes.

Suzanne Mendes, a fashion critic, was attending

one of our fashion shows. If

we got a good review from her, we will be listed in

Forbes's top ten designers

in New York City, which is a big win for us.

The lights dimmed, an upbeat song started to play.

Luke gestured the first

model to step onto the stage as they all stood in

their designated positions.

Model after model went out to walk the runway.
Every time a model wearing
one of my personal designs would step on the
runaway gave me flutters of
warmth in my belly. I wanted to mix femininity with
feminism, I wanted the
audience to see it, to feel it in my designs.
The show ended and it was time for Luke and me to
walk onto the stage.
"Let's go, bitches!" Scarlett whispered to us.
"You're a bitch!" Luke snapped back
"You're a bitch!" Scarlett pinched his arm
"You're a bitch, you bitch!"
They both bickered with one another like children.
They announced our name
and we walked out onto the stage holding hands.
Scarlett and Luke gave

each other the fake smile for the sake of the show. I smiled at both of them.

We thanked everyone. I enjoyed the feeling of being at that stage, the claps, the encouraging and impressed eyes, everything made me feel alive.

Once backstage I thanked my models, crew, and every single person that made today a success.

"I think I saw a hint of a smile on Suzanne's face, finger crossed," Luke said to me.

"Now all we have to do is wait for tomorrow" I replied. Before leaving, several fashion critics approached us and said that they would love to visit our headquarter and see the teamwork for themselves. Suzanne said

she was impressed, that's a lot coming from an uptight critic like herself.

"Han"

"Lukey"

"We finally did it, huh?"

I took a deep breath and smiled. "All the late nights, sweat, spilled coffees, stress, mistakes, and criticism finally paid off"

He nodded wistfully. "I love you, Hannah Clarke"

"I love you more, Luke Walker"

Luke and his boyfriend John, Pearl, Scarlet, and I decided to go clubbing later

that night to celebrate the success of the show. We went to an exclusive club.

We decided that because we all have office the next day; we will only have a few drinks; like the responsible adults that we are.

Few drinks turned into a full-on drinking spree...

Should have seen this
coming.

Scarlet took us to the dancefloor and we danced our
ass off aware of how
horrible dancers we were.

I jumped up and down to the upbeat music.

Adrenaline rushed through my
veins. I felt a pair of hands snake around my waist. I
didn't mind or maybe the
alcohol was messing with my head. I looked over my
shoulder to see him
smiling at me, he was fairly handsome. I turned
around and wrapped my arms
around his neck. We danced off the beat slowly. He
had the bluest eyes I have
ever seen. He pulled me into him and I felt his bulge
on my stomach.

Something inside of me triggered. My head started spinning, my stomach churned and my heartbeat quickened as nauseous flashbacks flashed before me.

••FLASHBACK••

"Let me go, please" I pleaded

"Shh... Keep it down" he kept pulling me into him.

"Please, I do not want this" my fifteen-year-old self kept crying quietly.

"Just a little more, princess" he sneered in my ear as he rubbed himself on my clothed butt. His pants were on his ankles while he continuously rubbed his hardness over my dress. I kept crying silently, hoping that it will be over soon.

Abruptly, he uttered profanities in my ear, his smelly breath hitting my

nostrils. I gagged as I felt liquid seeped into my dress from behind.

He let go of me and I fell on the ground feeling dirty and used.

"If you tell anyone about this, you are dead. Your father will kill you because it's your fault all this is happening to you. You seduced me" he said and grabbed my jaw harshly.

"You are not going to say anything to anyone, right?" He threateningly asked, his eyes daring me to not say something he won't like.

"N-no" I cried and he threw me back on the ground.

"Stop fucking crying" he hissed kicking me in the stomach. He stepped over

me and all I saw was his silhouette walking out of my room adjusting his

pants.

••FLASHBACK OVER••

I didn't know when I began to hyperventilate. The guy behind me probably got startled. He kept asking me if I was okay? Or do I need water? Or maybe I need to sit down.

He led me to one of the booths and made me sit, offering me water while rubbing my back gently. He apologized and said it was never his intention to scare me.

Little did he know, it wasn't his fault, I was afraid of sexual intimacy, always have been.

After I calmed down a bit, I thanked him. The effects of alcohol slowly started

to wear off. I saw John and Luke approaching me with worry etched on their faces.

"Hannah, you okay?" Luke asked sitting beside me.

"Did he do something to you?" John yelled over the loud music, grabbing him by his collar.

"No, John. I'm okay, he helped me" John let go of him and sat beside me. The poor guy awkwardly scampered out of there.

"You want to go home?" Luke asked

"No, I don't want to ruin your night, go on enjoy. I'll call my driver" I said

"Babygirl, What's wrong?" Scarlet pushed past everyone to get to me. She is the only one who knows what happened to me. I hugged her as soon as I saw her.

"We will go home now, you guys enjoy your night," she said to our friends before leading us out of the club.

We were sitting at the back of a cab, I was staring out of the window mindlessly when she put a hand over mine.

"Another one of those episodes?" She asked, squeezing my hand.

"It's nothing, really" I sighed

"You need to see a doctor for this, banana. This is not healthy" She reasoned

"I am fine, I don't need a doctor," I said and her lips set in a thin, hard-line. I

know she was disappointed in me.

The cab driver was taking peeks at us in the rearview mirror and Scarlett decided to give him a show. She deliberately opened the top buttons of her

shirt and bit her lips.

"Fuck, I can't wait to get home and rip that fucking dress off of you," She said loudly, so he can hear her. I controlled myself from laughing out loud when I saw the driver gulp.

She kept making dirty remarks about me and the driver got more and more excited thinking that we will have sex in his backseat.

We reached my apartment building and she pulled money out of her bra, what the fuck? He greedily snatched money from her hand and we walked to my apartment holding hands laughing.

I took a warm bath and wore my nightdress. I slid under the covers feeling safe in my room.

Scarlet was in one of the guestrooms, the one she always uses when she stays over.

Many people mistake us for a lesbian couple due to her inappropriate comments about my body. She once said she gets a lady boner whenever she sees me being bossy in a board meeting, in front of all my board members.

And to say I was embarrassed was an understatement. To this day, they all think that I am a lesbian.

Not even a single guy flirts with me in office because they think I am an uptight lesbian, who hates men. That is not true at all.